The Weekly Expositor.

J. A. Mahaney, Editor and Proprietor.

BROCKWAY CENTER, : MICH.

The departure of 1,480 Irish emigrants from Queenstown for the Argentine Republic shows that the supply of immigrants for that country may not hereafter be drawn exclusively from the sources of the Mediterranean. The republic's immigration policy is very liberal. The Argentine congress at its last session voted that the cost of passage from Europe should be advanced to 50,000 agriculturalists and artisans. The number of immigrants received in 1887 was 137,426, against 93,116 in 1886, and in eleven months of 1888 the number was 128,797. The government of Chili has authorized its immigration agents abroad to give free passage to all who desire to come to that country, and it is provided that the immigrants shall be fed and lodged for fifteen days after their arrival. In thus promoting immigration Chili will spend $500,000. While the government holds out such inducements, thousands of Chilians have recently emigrated to the Argentine Republic.

Gen. Harrison has not permitted the excitement by which he is surrounded to interfere with his life-long custom. Every morning before sitting down to breakfast the family—the general and his wife, Russell Harrison and his wife, Mr. McKee and his wife—and those who are with them assemble and the general reads a passage of scripture and kneels in prayer. Mrs. McKee says: "Papa thinks it quite as important as his breakfast, and would not be able to do anything unless he had prayers first. Of course, he will continue the same custom in the white house. Now he is president he thinks it is more important than ever."

The campaign for the adoption of the prohibitory amendment in Massachusetts has opened with equal vigor, enthusiasm and confidence. The representatives of "300,000 church members and 1,000,000 adherents of christian churches in Massachusetts" have formally and unanimously resolved that prohibition is the only right principle of legislation, and that "in every prohibitory state the number of liquor dealers and the per capita consumption is calculably less that in license states." The momentum of this movement is assuredly to be great.

The truth or falsity of the charges made against the management of the Pontiac asylum remains to be proven. In justice to the people of the state of Michigan as well as to themselves, the management should be subjected to the most thorough and rigid investigation. If there are no grounds for the charges made the officers and attendants of that institution will be the ones most benefited by the investigation, and if there is the least suspicion of any wrong the people of the state should know it.

President Harrison's typewriter, Miss Sawyer, has aroused the enthusiasm of the Washington correspondents. She cannot whistle, like Elijah Halford, but she can sing with the best amateur in the land. She has plump, round, red cheeks, brown hair, light gray eyes and a trim little figure. She looks about 20 years old, but is probably older. She knows more about Harrison's political secrets than Halford himself, and she knows how to keep her knowledge to herself.

They tell of a judge in Bennington, Vt., who, having spoken of buying a safe, was interviewed by two rival agents, each of whom had so much to say in favor of his own particular safe that the judge was quite at a loss to decide which to buy. In a happy moment he thought of Burglar Price, whom he had himself sentenced, and going to the jail, he obtained this expert safe-breaker's opinion, and then gave the order.

The proprietors of an iron works in New Jersey wished their men to wear boots while at work, to avoid the danger of burning their feet. They offered to supply the boots free of charge and to pay damages to any man so injured while wearing them, but the men refused and, when the employers insisted, struck.

Even New Mexico plucks up heart over the prospects of statehood, and the legislature proposes to educate its half-breed population to a sense of the responsibilities of citizenship. A territorial university, a school of mines, an insane asylum and an agricultural college are projected.

Prof. Pasteur, the great French scientist, expresses his opinion that in the future diseases will be unknown. "Our children are in luck;" he says. "It will be much pleasanter to live in the twentieth century, when epidemics will be done away with.

Address to the Workingmen of Herculaneum.

Bill Nye tells in Harper's Weekly of a recent discovery of sheets of metal in Herculaneum, which, on being run through a phonograph, gave forth the following stirring speech:

"Fellow-citizens and workingmen of Herculaneum, it has been my desire for some time to address the laboring classes of this district in order the more fully to give them an idea where we stand, and thus aid them in rapidly making up their minds as to what action they should take at the polls. Should there be a person present, therefore, who does not regard himself as a working man, will he kindly refrain from listening or quietly leave the hall and give his place to some one who has developed industrial habits?

"The future of the workingman on the south slopes of Vesuvius is the very thing of which he should be most proud. No toiler in Campania need be ashamed to have his future investigated.

"Is it not pleasant to hear the blows of the hammer on every hand, provided it is not on your own hand?

"Is it not cheering to see the farmer going joyously a-field bearing a crowbar with which to pry up one corner of the mortgage on his farm so that he can dig his potatoes out from under it? Of course it is. Men of Herculaneum, and those who may be here this evening representing the Pompeiian and Neapolitan press, let me say to you that what I have just said in your hearing represents the heartfelt sentiments of our bureau. We want to feel *en rapport* with every laboring man who may be on the fence. We want him to feel that he can come to us and lean upon us.

"Furthermore, we need more repairs on the Neapolitan Road and a new culvert about four miles south of Herculaneum. A cheap two-inch plank culvert was put in there under the Greek regime, but it was jerked loose and vomited full of Vesuvius before the path-master could make out his bill.

"Workingmen of Herculaneum and away up the Gulch, we need better public buildings. The earthquake of '63, which shook down the water-works and court house at Pompeii, also cracked the ceilings in the register of deeds' office here, and made the jail one of the most disagreeable places to frequent that I was ever in.

"We need a good deal of manual work done here before we have another volcanic eruption. My idea is to construct wing-dams and sluices on the west side which will turn the lava down through Agrippina's old field, and so on down the Coolie, past Trifoliatum O'Donnell's place. This will give work to the unemployed, and if I can secure the contracts also for erecting a new court-house, as I now hope to do, provided we can elect Aurelius Murkins, of the Third ward, you'll see better times here in Herculaneum than we have known since the war.

"Fellow-citizens, I do not know that I have any more to say, except that efforts will doubtlessly be made on the eve of election to flood the country with artful falsehoods and voters from other districts. Bear in mind that if you elect Impecunius Andronicus—a newspaper man who never did a day's work in his life, a man who does nothing but sit up nights and write pieces for the paper, a man who says more mean things through the colums of the Herculaneum Air Cushion than I could remember if I tried—you will see retrenchment, you will see money matters so scarce that you workingmen will have to trim your alpaca summer-togas with rabit skin and wear them all winter. Wheat will be twenty cents a bushel and bananas two cents a bunch. What do you care for reduced taxation when you can't get anything to eat? make improvements. Build bridges, roads, court-houses, jails, penitentiaries, wing-dams, sluices, canals, and water-works. Then assess the wealthy and pussy old property holders to pay the taxes. Work will then be plenty, and you toilers who are temporarily out of upright pianos, carriages, thirteen-story buildings, and other taxable property will escape.

I had intended to speak briefly in relation to the tariff, but I see the hour is already late. However, I will take a moment or two to say that in my opinion we owe almost everything we enjoy to a high protective tariff. Herculaneum used to be pestered almost to death by yeller-janders and milk-sickness, and when the Greeks colonized this country you could not go out of doors without getting infested with Indian arrows. Then a man had to take his life in one hand and a catapult in the other. Then the pioneers of Herculaneum frequently came home from a massacre with arrow holes through every vital organ they had, and the rear breadths of their systems looked like feather-dusters.

"How is it now, under a protective tariff? There has not been a case of yeller-janders in Herculaneum for six months, and the noble savage has moved away.

"In closing, let me say that the laboring man has the warmest and best place in my heart. I think a great deal of my wife and family, but I will not allow them to come between me and the workingman. I would be a workingman myself, God knows, if I did not have so much else to do.

"The laboring classes are entitled to the best there is in life, gentlemen of Herculaneum. And in the life to come, when we are all gathered about the throne and I am called upon to make a few remarks, I trust that I shall see before me each honest, sweat-bedewed brow which I see before me to-night." (Loud and prolonged applause, during which the distant and rapidly augmented roar of Vesuvius is distinctly heard.)

Newgate Prison Described.

It is deemed certain that Newgate prison will soon be torn down. A London newspaper gives its history. So far back as the reign of King John there was a prison there, maintained by the corporation of the city of London, who had also the Compter, in the Poultry, for the detention of minor offenders, and who, at a much later period, used Bridewell, near Blackfriars, for the punishment of disorderly apprentices and women. The ancient prison at Newgate was destroyed by the great fire of London in 1666; another prison was then erected, which was that out of which Jack Sheppard, the notorious housebreaker, contrived to make his escape in the reign of George II. This building was pulled down in 1782, and the one now standing was erected, in different portions, between that date and 1872, the architect being Mr. George Dance, R. A.; but one part was burned down almost as soon as it was built, in the Gordon riots of 1780. The outer walls of granite are 3 feet thick; the front in Newgate street is 115 feet long, and that in the Old Bailey is 295 feet, with a stern, imposing aspect. There are two lodges for turnkeys, and the keeper's house in the center of the Old Bailey front, behind which is the chapel. The interior of the prison was re-arranged in 1857 and 1858 from the designs of Mr. Bunning, the city architect. The quadrangle, occupied by men convicted of felony, is 124x64 feet, and each of the two wings forms another quadrangle. There are 168 ordinary cells, each measuring 13x7 feet, 9 feet high with a barred window 3 feet 6 inches high and 2 feet 6 inches wide; the cells were warmed by hot air, and the furniture was a hammock-bed, slung at night across the width of the cell, a wash-stand with basin, a close-pan, a folding table fixed to the wall, a stool, and shelves of slate. Besides these there are eight punishment cells for the refractory, and sixteen reception cells.

The prison is calculated only for the accommodation of 123 male and forty-five female prisoners, on the separate system, which is a small number for the extent of the buildings. In former times, before the seperate system was introduced, Newgate was horribly overcrowded, and its condition excited the strong disapproval of John Howard. There was no classification of the inmates; criminnals and debtors, the old and the young, convicts and those awaiting trial, were confined together; some who had money could bribe the warders, buy liquor, and indulge in drunkenness and gambling; the free conversation, with profane songs and tales of vice, was most corrupting. At one time nearly eight hundred persons of both sexes and all ages were huddled up in Newgate, and a contagious fever broke out which caused many deaths. Mrs. Fry's benevolent labors were begun among the female prisoners here, of whom there were 150 at that period. By the removal of the debtors to Giltspur street, Compter, some of the grosser disorders were checked, but the place was found unsuitable for any proper course of prison discipline. It was therefore resolved in 1818 to use it only for the safe custody of prisoners committed for trial, and the house of correction in Coldbath Fields and that at Halloway were erected for penal establishments, in which those undergoing their sentence are confined. Newgate, however, still remained in an unsatisfactory state, and the reports of the government inspector of prisons from 1836 to 1843 repeatedly urged the need of its alteration. There can be no doubt that the city lands committee of the London corporation have acted judiciously in proposing to demolish the building, which is ill-adapted for its purpose and is not now required, and to make a profitable use of its site. The old associations of Newgate are dismal and detestable; many Londoners can remember seeing murderers hanged over the gateway in the open street before the act of Parliament in 1868 which provided that executions should be privately performed within the prison. Five or six persons at the same time were occasionally hanged there in the "good old days" of the reign of George III.

Novels and Religion.

We may have come to a time when the character of our young masters and misses will be determined more by tales than by fathers and mothers, ministers and teachers. Thoughtful men are inquiring what is to be the effect of all this on the formation of the character of the rising generation. Ministers of the gospel will have to send for the last new novel to see if they have not to warn their people against it. Grave teachers of theology will have to study "Robert Elsmere" and "John Ward, Preacher," as well as the "Confession of Faith" and the "Thirty-nine Articles." Of late years our best novels have been written by ladies. I rather think that this will continue. Women have intuitive perceptions of character keener, more subtle and tender than men have. They can set before us men, women and children with sentiments, manners and dress more picturesque than we of the coarser sex can. Our novels are now being written with a purpose; not merely to give us a picture, but to promote a cause. It looks as if in the near future the battles of religion and irreligion will be fought in fiction. The war, to a large extent, will be one of amazons, and with amazons. The weapons of warfare will not be represented by swords and guns, but by bodkins and daring-needles, scissors and brestpins. Novels will have to be met by novels. Oxford has had its novel, and other universities must have the same. Princeton will have to produce a counter irritant to "John Ward, Preacher," and defend Charles Hodge (who has been attacked) and rigid Calvinism. Harvard will have to regain the literary reputation which it had an age ago, and employ one of the ladies of its annex to put life into—not Unitarianism, which is dead and laid out for burial, but into the agnosticism of its young men. Yale must stand by the old faith against Harvard, but will vivify the scenes by gymnastics in order to retain the championship. The end will be that our novel readers of weak women, and still weaker men, will not know what to believe.—New York Ledger.

A Fair Warning.

The skill of the ordinary advertisement writer is continually illustrated. It almost pays to read the advertisements to get the queer examples of business English that they contain. The other day the writer noticed this: "If you buy a pair of Dumkopf's pantaloons you will never buy another."—Boston Transcript.

Gail Hamilton On Comfort.

The great discovery of America is, for me, its climate. The most patriotic have usually fought shy of American weather. A few June days have risen like Islands of the Blessed above the welter of wind and sun to be celebrated in poetry and romance. But ordinarily, though we have cherished, and perhaps, in momentary lapses of modesty, have eulogized our institutions, we have been fain to admit that the mercury does run low on a Minnesota thermometer, and could only plead in mitigation that it is a very dry cold! Not even that plea could prevail in extenuation of a Boston east wind to which the sternest Puritan would gladly pay the rheum of a few tears, and pass on.

In this brilliant midwinter afternoon, one would like to know the reason why! The low sun shines softly veiled in a golden haze, not the working farm hand of Earth's busy summer, but the serene spirit of brightness and beauty, of leisure and repose, touching to adorn, and not strenuous to fructify. The Merrimac is as placid as the Arno, and how much more beautiful! Winding with bold, free curves and broad sweeps, widening into lakes and narrowing into currents, blue bays rippling on silver beaches, and leaping up moss green rocks, many a procession of the pines crowding down the steep banks to lend their solemn chant to the wind-swept water, and over all the tenderest warm sky, bending above wood and wave, and slumber-sweet hills and brown, still fields sloping to the very blue depths' brim—he must seek far who would find nature in a lovelier trance of rest, a rapt, ecstatic waiting.

I mind me of another winter than this, under the re-sung and be-sonneted Italian heavens. It must be England that has given the key-note of that music, and for England it may ring true. Against the sour, sour skies of that most magnificent little island Italy may shine out as a Winter Paradise of Dainty Delights, but the American Eagle, clasping his wings closest, with resolute as well as native diffidence must maintain that the north side of an Aroostook snow-bank offers every climatic attraction for winter residence, compared with the cities of Italy. A Marblehead fisherman would perish at the braziers of Milan. The peaks of Alp shine far off, purpling-pink in the dawn and sunset, silver-splendid and dazzling at high noon, hints of heaven always, spirit wise and mystical. But the Milanese are chilled to the heart. For weeks and endless weeks the sun never gives out a straightforward, cordial ray. His most and best is to filter, faint and yellowish gray, through a damp, frozen atmosphere—a deadly fog that depresses the flesh and discourages the soul. The narrow arcaded streets of Bologna give up the struggle and the shaded courts are hopeless dark wells of snow. It lies heaped up in the public squares, and as you stand benumbed before the marble Galvani and his marble frog in the Piazza Galvani, you are easily persuaded that only an artificial galvanized life or action can be left you in Bologna. All the heat the sun can give must be absorbed by those gloomy, broken, unsightly snow-heaps.

Down to fair Florence come the bitter winds of the Apennines mocking the sun, the Rome sulks in the cold damps of her lowlands, her wide malarial marshes, her humid and dripping skies, her upturned, indignant earth. It is not till one reaches Naples that one feels a thrill of Nature's warmth and a real greeting from the sun.

And most unfortunately the United Kingdom of Italy, slighted by the sun, does not know how to warm herself. Never while life lasts may I hear one word more about the over-heated houses of America. The under-heated houses of Europe not only threaten the extinction of existence, but make it intolerable, while it endures. Three-quarters of one's long-hoarded time is sacrificed in Italy to the inexorable cold.

There are the glorious galleries of Florence—Florence whose very name is the blossoming of the world; Florence shrined in her genius of generations, over-packed with her priceless treasures broken perishing, more priceless still for that; treasures abandoned to her chance guardianship by the receding tide of a vanished time. One stands at first bewildered, distraught, dumb, in the very presence of the Immortals. It is the pavement of Dante that you tread. It is the cloister of Fra Angelico. It is the Piazza where Savonarola triumphed. It is the touch and Tower of Galileo. In those gardens walked Michael Angelo. In this twilight chapel Raphael studied the free frescoes of Masaccio and Masaccio gathered the wise ways of nature from Ghibert, is Gates on the open highway, and Ghiberti sat at the feet of Giotto's new-found truth, whom Cimabue comes out of the centuried dusk to summer from his bright mountain side. They are all here—the great ones, Majores and Minores—eager to be entreated, friendly to the feeblest if sincere search—and the summer crowds are not here. No tourist jostles between you and the light. You have Florence to yourself and the long, sweet solitary hours of promise with the Immortals.

And alas! alas! you are mortal—and therefore you are cold.

The deadly rigor of those stone floors, those unsunned corridors, those unwarmed halls, no blood can brave. It comes up from the tiles and down from the ceilings and in from the walls, through furs and flannels and the firmest will, piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit and joint and marrow. A little umbrella-stand of a brass cylinder three-quarters full of warm ashes, in the middle of an acre of enclosed space, is all the concession Florence will make to art and humanity. The uniormed politician, janitor, keeper, stands over it shivering, but politely withdraws when, altogether benumbed, the despairing American would press the profile of an instep against the faint warmth of its polished circumference to restore a stagnant circulation.

The churches have not even so much as this. There are not even the ashes of unwonted fires. Only the eternal stone-cold, death-damp. You resolve, you resist, you fight against it, but you succumb. You stamp up and down awhile but presently you stamp out. The paintings that might limn even to ignorant eyes the history of art from its Byzantine dawn through its Medician noon—I dare not name its evening red—the shrines that love and gratitude—and superstition, if you will—have reared with all that wealth could summon of skill and splendor, moulding and carving, all cunning tracery of stone and twisted marble and statued bronze, the glory and story of stained glass more beautiful than gems—it is maddening to think what lies there open to the soul yet barred to the body by the steady insurmountable cold. If the soul could but slip into one of these bronze bodies for awhile and mind the cold no more than they!

And if King Humbert would dismiss a few of the regiments that are pepetually marching and counter-marching across the bridges, drilling on the suburban fields and parading through the narrow streets; and would appropriate the money so saved to warming his galleries and his churches, he might make the unity and preservation of Italy the affectionate and reverent care of Christendom.

Let no man say that it is a difference of constitution, that it is more healthy, that the Italians like it, that they would perish in our warmth. I never saw a consciously colder, a more uncomfortable looking population, than the Milanese. Marion's nose was always red and raw. The reddiness of complexion was the raw beefsteak ruddiness of perpetual cold, even on the faces of those who were well wrapped. The peasant Italian woman went out, shielded as to her shoulders with a flimsy three cornered neckerchief and with her hands folded away as far as might be from the cold under a cotton apron. They did not enjoy the cold. They did mind it. They shivered and shook. They stood bent and with chattering teeth against it. Every look and gesture and attitude betokened a hand-to-hand fight with it. A thousand deformities and distortions betrayed some great physical antagonism. They never would have borne it if they had known there was a more excellent way—the American way. From November to May there is just as much need of fire—I do not say need of just as much fire—in Italy as in New England—but Italians only partially understand the uses of fire. I question if peasant Italy is proprietor of a fireside. In hotels a fire seems to be thought something to look at, something that foreigners demand, something to make an item in the bills. A wood-box and draught seems to satisfy all the requirements. What is to be burned, where the fireplace or stove shall stand, whether the fire diffuse warmth, or have any relation to the circumambient air, is neither here nor there. If it can be sequestered in a remote corner, behind a bed or bureau, so much the better. An armful of punk, a straggling or struggling brush, such as a Yankee farmer burns by the heap on the hillside of a November evening, are as good as solid oak or old hickory in the eyes of the hospitable Italian landlord; because he looks upon fire as a moral and not a material necessity.

Modern Italian art, in a spasm of household decoration, overlaid the top of a stove I know, with a red cotton-velvet lambrequin as 'twere, fringing down over its beetling brows to the place where the flames ought to be; nor was the touching national trust betrayed, for weeks of fire laid no smirch upon its cotton comeliness.

If I was called upon to summarize Italian winter weather it would be—with a tear and a smile, Old World—but it would be:

Milan—Dull, faded, yellow, thick, hoar-frosty, all-penetrating cold.

Bologna—Grim, ungainly, ghastly, hopeless, overpowering cold.

Venice—Bright, sunshiny, shivering, stid, satiric, hypocritical cold.

Naples—Yielding, promising, vacillating, gracious but with ominous hints coming up over the Mediterranean, of sealskin sacques under the eternal sun of the African desert!

Of the historical fascinations of Europe too much cannot be said; and when felt, nothing seems ever to have been said. One walks forever with the dead, facing forever eternal life. We dwell in a perpetual dream more real than the day. But because we must live yet a little while bound to cell and tissue—flow gently sweet Merrimac to the delightful blast of furnace-fires, and the merry crackle of sawed, split maple from your forest still abundant. We have but a thin lamination of history beneath our feet but a benignant thermometer hangs seventy-high on the walls of your happy home.—New York Graphic.

The Rule of Contrary.

How things do go by contraries
In this sublunary sphere!
And men's names, of Fate's vagaries
Are the queerest of the queer.

Mr. Goodman is a bad man,
Mr. Wellman's always ill,
Mr. Joy he is a sad man,
Mr. Wiseman's wisdom's nil.

Mr. Blackman is a white man,
Mr. White he is a black;
Mr. Stout he is a slight man,
Mr. Neat is mighty slack.

Mr. Winter's full of ardor,
Mr. Summer's always cold;
Mr. Gamble ne'er a card or
"Chip" was ever known to hold.

Mr. Long he is a short man,
Mr. Wildman he is meek;
Mr. Learned's an untaught man,
Mr. Meek has got the "cheek."

Mr. Tailor ne'er made breeches,
Nor did Nailor drive a nail,
Mr. Pitcher never pitches,
Nor does Sailor reef a sail.

Mr. Wait is always early,
Mr. Early's always late;
Mr. Sweet is always surly,
Mr. Crook is always "straight."

And so through the categories!
Oh, what is there that can tie
Like men's names—except the stories
Told by tombstones when men die?
—Boston Globe.

Blood Will Tell.

Lady (as a blood-curdling war-whoop is heard in the kitchen)" What is happening, Walters?"

Maid—"That is Dinah. She always yells that way, ma'am, when she succeeds in turning the omelette without letting it drop on the floor. She's the daughter of a Zulu chief."—Time

WINGED MISSILES.

The ruler of Bavaria is allowed $1,307,613 a year.

Memphis is to have an organized charity system.

In two years Vermont has paid $10,000 for dead foxes.

There will be 8,000 hat boxes at the inauguration ball.

New Haven thinks of pensioning her retired policemen.

A Maine fox hound pursued a fox for two days continuously.

There is talk of erecting at Boston a statue of Roger Williams.

Count von Moltke gives most of his time now to the cultivation of roses.

The king of Italy annually takes $3,070,000 out of the pockets of his subjects.

Oscar II. of Sweden and Norway manages to live on $375,525 that his subjects pay him.

Switzerland gets along with a president who is satisfied with a salary of $3,000 a year.

The czar of Russia is credited with receiving $12,250,000 and upward from his domains.

The late Emperor William is credited with having saved $12,000,000 out of his public allowance.

The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria thinks that with $3,875,000 a year he is adequately recompensed.

A new dance called the "Chow-Chow" is described as "a waltz in which you can hug four ladies in rotation."

The far-seeing people of Chattanooga are about to build a railroad, eight miles long, to the top of Lookout mountain.

An Ohio man has sued his mother-in-law for $100,000 damages, for maliciously weaning his wife's affections from him.

The New Hampshire constitutional convention recently in session at Concord adopted prohibition by a vote of 146 to 131.

The proper time to give a child his dinner is when it is ready. The child will probably let you know if he is ready before the dinner is.

The Chinese are getting lamp chimneys from the United States. A Pittsburg firm recently shipped to China 1,000 boxes of them, or 6,000 dozen.

English detectives got hold of an English fugitive in Philadelphia the other day, who confessed to forty-four forgeries before he got tired of talking.

"Learn to say no!" advises a New York religious paper. Start out to raise a hundred dollars among the boys and see if that advice is not superfluous.

It has been a long time since anyone startled this country by attempting to eat thirty quail in thirty days. Did they get him into the idiot asylum at last?

The king of Prussia (emperor of Germany) is not badly "fixed." The kingdom of Prussia pays him $1,225,000, and besides this he has great private domains.

Paul Lafferty, an American, who got into an English prison for five years, says the fare beat any dollar-and-a-half-a-day American hotel, and he was sorry to leave.

The latest White Star ships have been christened the Majestic and the Teutonic. There seems to be no foundation for the report that one of these was to have been named the Emetic to insure a quick passage.

The Birmingham (Ala.) Mining and Manufacturing company have decided to issue $300,000 of bonds and build a 100-ton furnace, basic steel works and iron bridge works at Gate City, near Birmingham. They lately put in blast a new 100-ton furnace at Trussville.

The Victoria iron furnace and mines, located at Goshen, Va., on the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, with a capacity of 200 tons of iron daily, owned by an English syndicate, have been leased by the attorneys of the company to Chamberlain, Wheeler & Co., of Columbus, Ohio. The plant will be put in operation at once.

A man in Delhi, Mass., has invented a combination running gear for vehicles. The combination consists of runners and wheels. When the runners are in use the wheels are in position above them. By a simple movement of the foot the runners are replaced with wheels, and vice versa, the whole arrangement being automatic, and the change being affected without the driver leaving his seat.

One of the promoters of the Hindoo congress recently held at the East Indian city of Allahabad for the purpose of promoting of popular liberty was Amrita Lal Roy, a young Hindoo, who was well known in New York a few years ago, and who is a scholar of rare attainments. Though a high-caste Brahmin, Lal Roy worked as a printer, contributed labor articles to John Swinton's Paper and took an active part in the labor movement.

The dairy interests of the United States represent more than $3,000,000,000. The number of milk cows is estimated at 24,000,000, which give an aggregate milk production of 7,350,000,000 gallons. Four billion gallons are used for butter, 700,000,000 for cheese, and the balance for general purposes. The annual production of butter is 1,350,000,000 pounds, and 6,500,000 pounds of cheese. This immense dairy herd requires 100,000,000 acres of pasture land to support it.

The rolling mills and industrial establishments are all running to their full capacity and at present there is no indication of a decrease in the volume of orders. Lloyd, Booth & Co. are engaged on an order for furnishing all the machinery for a rolling mill at Duluth, Minn., and during the past week booked a similar order for a large rolling mill at Roanoke, Va. No. 1 blast furnace of Anderson & Hitchcock is producing 4,000 tons per month of Scotch pig iron.

"Max O'Rell's" allusions to Kansas, a state he never visited, are very funny, and draw forth this criticism from the Kansas City Times: "In one instance he says that a Kansas man will thrash a minister 'for indulging in unorthodox theories in the pulpit.' In another he says: 'In the states of Kansas and Colorado and others a woman, on entering a railway car, will touch a man on the shoulder and say to him, almost politely "I like that seat; you take another."'" And the fun of it is that Max really believes that that sort of thing is an every-day occurrence in Kansas.

A Baltimore preacher recently said some things of matrimony. Among them: "Philosophers have erred, for Socrates married the historical Xantippe, who, in a rage, emptied a bucket of water on his head. Saintly men have been mistaken. John Wesley was married to a woman who sat in the City Road chapel making mouths at him. Let Solomon, and James Ferguson, and John Milton, John Ruskin, and Frederick W. Robertson bear testimony after the first witness, who said 5,000 years ago: 'It is better to dwell in the corner of the house-top than with a brawling woman in a wide house.'"